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minds and desire to leave. The committee are, therefore, compelled to require every applicant to give the name of someone who will be responsible in a fine of ten pounds if she, *of her own accord*, break her agreement, or withdraws after leaving the Preliminary Training-School. This must not be understood as condoning the breach of faith such conduct involves, but merely as a protection that the hospital funds shall not suffer by such withdrawal, which, happily, very rarely occurs."

## IN MEMORIAM

[The following poem was written for the dedication of the Isabella Graham Hart Memorial Home for Nurses of the Rochester City Hospital, Rochester, New York, by the Rev. J. T. Ely. An illuminated copy hangs under the portrait of Mrs. Hart in the spacious and beautifully decorated hall of the building.—ED.]

"A GRACIOUS presence fills these halls,  
A voice of gentleness recalls  
One whose sweet ways of doing good  
Were like a new beatitude.  
Her smile was blessing, and her heart  
With all who suffered had its part,  
While deeds of kindness marked the  
way  
She trod in secret day by day.  
So gently planned, so kindly thought,  
So modestly were all things wrought,  
Hiding the giver in the gift,  
That only through some tell-tale rift  
Streamed forth the shining of her face  
To lend each gift its choicest grace.

"The 'angel of the house' she moved  
In ministry for those she loved;  
And calling back her presence bright,  
With all its effluence of light,  
E'en through our tears—thou vanished one,  
Whose path by ours no more may  
run—  
We joy to think what earth can give  
To make it blessedness to live.

"And ye who enter through these  
doors,  
Dwell in these rooms, and tread these  
floors,  
Think sometimes in your work of love

Of her who watches from above;  
And as ye soothe the throb of pain,  
Or give the weary hope again,  
Or bear the fret of hopeless ill,  
Or help the helpless to be still,  
Think how amid the angel throng  
A brighter joy, a sweeter song,  
May still be hers, to feel that here  
Her love, through you, from year to  
year,  
In ministry that shall not end,  
May still the suffering world befriend.

"Our hearts were dull to disbelieve  
That heaven itself may joy receive  
From deeds of kindness done on earth  
Which in that higher realm have  
birth.

We do not know, we cannot tell,  
How to that world invisible  
Our world is joined; but still we  
know

The two most sweetly interflow,  
And treading ways of service here,  
The spirits of that holier sphere  
May still attend us in our round,  
With us in one communion bound.  
Her memory thus may blessing give  
Here where her name enshrined shall  
live,  
And she in that world win new bliss  
From love that ministers in this."